Beauty and the Beast

BY

CHARLES LAMB

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ANDREW LANG

EIGHT BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS

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Beauty in her Prosperous State.

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and

The Beast

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

I.

THE VERSION ATTRIBUTED TO CHARLES LAMB.

In the *Letters of Charles Lamb*, edited by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt,* in the four hundred and twenty-first page of the first volume, it is written that Lamb, "upon the request† of Wordsworth to undertake it, busied himself with a new metrical version, for Godwin, of *Beauty and the Beast.*"

Mr. Godwin's "means of comfortable support," at this time, as Talfourd says, "were mainly supplied by a shop in Skinner Street, whence, under the style of M. J. Godwin & Co., [Mrs. Godwin] the prettiest and wisest books for children issued."

The

* Bell, London, 1886.

† I fancy "request" is a misprint for *refusal.* (A. L.)

The wise philosopher who superintended the literature sold at his wife's shop, was marked by "a trusting simplicity," and a habit of asking strangers to take up his bills. If Charles Lamb really wrote the metrical *Beauty and the Beast* for this philosopher, one can only hope that Lamb's trusting simplicity did not go without its reward. But the statement of Mr. Hazlitt appears to be more dogmatic than the circumstances warrant. It is not at all certain that Lamb wrote *Beauty and the Beast.* At best, the subject seems part of the engaging science of Comparative Hypothetics. Lamb was a writer for children: for them the author of "Dream-Children" produced his *Adventures of Ulysses* (with quite as much Chapman as Homer in them) and his *Tales from Shakspeare* and his *Prince Dorus.*

But as to whether Charles Lamb did or did not write the rhymed version of *Beauty and the Beast*, now reprinted, the question, like the name which Achilles bore among women, is only "not beyond conjecture." There is no testimony on the subject at present before the world which deserves the name of convincing evidence. The

industry

industry of Mr. R. H. Shepherd and of Mr. Pearson has indeed collected some information about the affair.* Godwin once asked Wordsworth to rhyme for him *Beauty and the Beast*, and, if Godwin was no humorist, the idea must have been suggested to him by some one who was. That some one *may* have been Charles Lamb. The suggestion *may* have been "only his fun." Wordsworth, of course, would not undertake the task, but thought that William Taylor of Norwich might apply himself to the business. Possibly Godwin then asked Charles Lamb to do a thing he had done before—make up a child's book. There seems no doubt that Lamb was the author of a little volume called "Prince Dorus, or Flattery put out of Countenance," which was "printed for M. J. Godwin," at London, in 1811. "Prince Dorus" exactly corresponds in *format* and in the character of the illustrations to the original edition of the rhymed "Beauty and the Beast."

"Prince

* See preface to Reprint of *Beauty and the Beast*, Redway, London, 1886.

"Prince Dorus" has more humour, "Beauty and the Beast" more tenderness. This may justify the Χωρίζοντες of nursery epics in assigning to each work a separate author. As to the treatment of the story, as to the prince in either narrative escaping from a spell, marrying, and living happily, the author, or authors, had no choice but to follow this traditional arrangement. Only Madame d'Aulnoy, in *le Mouton*, was so hard of heart as to let her enchanted prince die,* when the idea of returning to her *mouton* occurred too late to the princess.

The poetry of *Beauty and the Beast* is not so conspicuously beneath Lamb's powers as to justify us in saying that he could not have written it, nor so excellent and characteristic that it could only have been written by Lamb. A distinguished authority on Lamb and his works can find no internal evidence for supposing him to be the author

* Or rather there is another exception. In the Portuguese tale "The Maiden and the Beast," the sisters detain the Maiden, she returns too late, the Beast dies, and so does she. Pedroso x.

author of *Beauty aud the Beast.* I myself think Lamb would have made more of Beauty's *Library* (First Edition, p. 19). Had the little composition come down to us from the Alexandrian age without an author's name, much German Latin prose might have been profitably expended on it in *Programms.* But as Lamb was only a modern Englishman, as *Beauty and the Beast* can neither add to nor diminish his fame, and as a verdict is impossible unless some unpublished letter or ledger come to light, we may be content to leave the authorship of *Beauty and the Beast* undecided, like that of the *Pervigilium Veneris.*

II.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The Bibliographical history of this *plaquette* is not uninteresting. All children's books have a natural tendency to become "very scarce." The generation of infants for whom they are written thumbs them, tears them, and paints them, nor dc they escape the gums of inquiring babyhood. The

The few survivors of the edition are neglected by the next generation of little boys and girls, are lost, thrust away, given to the game-keeper's or the gardener's family. Thus vanish the original editions of children's books, as the *Histoires et Contes du Tems Passé* (*Contes de Ma Mère l'Oye*) of Charles Perrault (1697) have vanished, leaving only a few priceless wrecks behind. On the other hand the fairy-tales written at the same date, for grown-up persons, the *Contes* of Mdle. L'Héritier and of the Comtesse de Murat (1696-1698) can be found with little trouble.

The Copy of *Beauty and the Beast* which lies before me (the property of Mr. Andrew Tuer) is in shape a square 16mo. Within a broad pattern of the Greek fret is printed on the cover

BEAUTY

AND

THE BEAST:

OR

A ROUGH OUTSIDE WITH GENTLE HEART

A Poetical Version of an Ancient Tale.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A

SERIES OF ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS

And Beauty's Song at Her Spinning Wheel,
Set to Music by Mr. Whitaker.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR M. J. GODWIN,

AT THE JUVENILE LIBRARY, 41, SKINNER STREET;

And to be had of all Booksellers and Toymen
throughout the United Kingdom.

Price 5*s.* 6*d. coloured, or* 3*s.* 6*d. plain.*

Mr. Tuer's copy has no title page, and I understand that only one copy with a title page has been found. The music is on one folded page. The book was dear at the price, even in 1811, which appears to be the date of publication. The expense of the very pretty copper-plate engravings probably made it difficult to sell *Beauty* cheaper.

The existence of the *plaquette* seems first to have been discovered by Mr. Pearson, who wrote a letter about it to the *Athenæum* (July 11, 1885). Mr. Pearson suggests that the feebler parts of the tale are by Mary Lamb, which is possible enough, though perhaps different critics will have different ideas about her share in the labour. The back of the cover has a sketch of a most unlovely Circe surrounded by animals, and the motto (quoted from Homer)

Go, be a beast!

Lamb knew the Odyssey well, of course, but this proves nothing, and the words are not from Chapman, his favourite, but from Pope.

The prices of rare books are always interesting. The first rediscovered copy (without title page) was sold

sold to an American journal for £50, and one can only marvel at the enterprise and opulence of the transatlantic purchaser. A better copy was sold at Messrs. Puttick's for £11 15s. This was of the second edition (London: William Jackson & Co., at the Juvenile Library, 195 (St. Clements), Strand, 1825. Three Shillings plain, Five Shillings coloured. On the cover of "Gaffer Gray" (London, 1816, M. J. Godwin & Co.) are advertised *Beauty and the Beast* and *Price Dorus*, also "*Colonel Jack*, the history of a Boy who never went to school. By the author of Robinson Crusoe." The present edition is the only modern reprint with the original illustrations re-engraved.

III.

THE STORY OF BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

Whoever rhymed this old tale for the patrons of the Juvenile Library, did not trouble himself much, we may believe, about the origin of the myth.

myth. The essence of it seemed to him to be the notion of "a rough outside with a gentle heart." There is, doubtless (as young Perrault d'Armancour said when he dedicated his *Contes* to *Mademoiselle*) there is a moral idea or two at the bottom of most old stories. But the moral of Beauty and the Beast, not as it exists in literature, but in its early popular form is hard to find. As the rhyming author understood it, goodness and love can overcome the malignant magic which, for no declared reason, turned a young Shah of Persia into a monstrous animal. The rhymer probably worked on an English version of Madame de Beaumont's abridgement of the tale (very long-winded) in Madame de Villeneuve's *Contes Marins:* (*La Jeune Ameriquaine, et les Contes Marins.* Par Madame de * * * A la Haye. Aux dépens de la Compagnie, M.D.CCXL).

Whence came the idea that (granting the possibility of metamorphosis) the kiss or kindness of a girl could turn a beast into a man?

The notion is very popular among the Kaffirs, who, like all savages, think magic and metamorphosis every day affairs.

The

The Kaffirs* have a story called "The Bird who made Milk." The earlier part of it has many European and Indian analogues; it is the tale of a man with a magical possession, which is spoiled by some stranger who handles it.† In this case the spoilers are his own son and daughter, who fly from his wrath. The boy goes to live with a crocodile which "had many cows and much millet."

"The crocodile said to the boy, 'you must send your sister for the purpose of being married to me.'"

The boy was now initiated by a bird, and married a daughter of the crocodile.

"The young woman went to the village of the crocodile—she went to become a bride."

"They said to her, 'whom do you choose to be your husband?'"

"She said, 'I choose Crocodile!'"

"Her husband said to her, 'lick my face.'"

"She did so. The crocodile cast off its skin, and arose, a man of great strength and fine appearance."

"He

* Theal's Kaffir Folk Lore, p. 37.

† See Cosquin. *Contes Pop. de Lorraine*, i, 51, with the notes.

"He said, 'the enemies of my father's house did that'—meaning enchanted him—'and you, my wife, are stronger than they.'"

The idea of the monster converted by woman's love into a man recurs in the Kaffir "Story of Five Heads," with a curious addition. The girl comes to the hut of her unseen bridegroom; in the evening she heard a very strong wind, which made the hut shake; the poles fell, but she did not run out. This is the mighty rushing wind of spiritual manifestations, which so puzzled Jesuit missionaries in the wigwams of the Huron and Iroquois. "Afterwards Makanda Mahlanu (the monster) became a man, and Mpunzanyana (Beauty) continued to be the wife he loved best."

Though rough, and with traces of polygamy, these incidents from Kaffirland are of the essence of *Beauty and the Beast.* Did Kaffirs borrow them from Europeans, or do Kaffirs retain a very old notion common to many people? It is to be noted that the beauty who married the Kaffir Beast knew he was a man under enchantment, for she uses a proper name when speaking of him, as is indicated by the prefix U. (Theal).

We

We may leave the Kaffir germ of the tale with the remark that savages see nothing particularly odd or unusual in metamorphosis, and marriage between men and beasts, or even inanimate subjects like fishing nets, trees, and fetiches, and that they would never be amazed if a crocodile or elephant were born to a woman of their tribe. Indeed this is regarded as a common penalty of the eating of certain tabooed food. As their magicians all claim the power of turning men and women into beasts, there is no reason why a crocodile should *not* be a man in disguise. The reconversion caused by the girl's kiss, or by her licking the crocodile, is regarded by the crocodile himself, not as a reward of her affection, but as a proof that her "power" or magic, is greater than that of the enemies of his father's house.

Turning from the low Kaffir form of *Beauty and the Beast* (in which there are no jealous sisters, and the brother takes the place of Beauty's father) one may just remark that the classical forms of the legend were probably once not very different. In the *Cupid and Psyche* of Apuleius, the father is ordered by an oracle to devote his fairest daughter

daughter to a monster, *Vipereum malum*, who shall be his son-in-law.*

Now, probably, in an older classical version, Psyche *did* marry a snake-shaped monster, and it is very likely that her love disenchanted him. But Apuleius makes the unseen husband prove to be Cupid, the God of Love, though Psyche's jealous sisters persuade her that he is really the Beast. Once in that track, the fable of Cupid and Psyche parts company with Beauty and the Beast, and moves on the lines of other popular tales. The story of Beauty partly reappears in literary form, as Madame d'Aulnoy's *Mouton*, and in Brittany it is *Le Coq d'or*, *la Poule d'Argent et la feuille du Laurier qui chante* (*Ar Marvailler Brezounek*, Brest, 1870, p. 181.) In Lorraine it is *Le Loup Blanc* and *Firosette*. (Cosquin lxiii, lxv.) Mr. Ralston in the *Nineteenth Century* (Dec. 1878) gives a collection of popular variants (Sicilian, Norse, Cretan, Russian, Indian, Kalmuk, German) in all of which a girl weds something not natural, a goat, a pumpkin (Wallachian, also

* Nec speres generum mortali stirpe creatum,
Sed saevum atque ferum vipereumque malum.

also Kaffir), a monkey, a stove, a bird, a wolf, a bear, and (sometimes by destroying the hide which the husband wears as a beast) finally makes him her own in human form.

As to the *origin* of these wild legends, it is that unscientific state of the fancy, in which metamorphosis is accepted as a fact, while girls are (by a fiction of ritual) made mothers of bears or locusts, or brides of fishing nets or trees, swords or flowers, as in America and India. That kind of imagination is the *origin* of the incident, but how did it come to take its place in a tale with the "opening" of the Father and Three Daughters, and the search for the Rose, usually a *Talking* Rose, or a laurel leaf, usually a singing laurel leaf, *la feuille qui chante*, which Madame de Sévigné sighed for at Les Rochers. How, again, did the incident of Beauty's temporary return to her own home, with the consequent sickness of the deserted Beast, become so popular?*

These are questions which probably can never be answered. The *incidents* of folk tales are, like

* For Italian variants see Professor Crane's *Italian Popular Tales*, the notes on p. 324.

like the specks of glass in a kaleidoscope, capable of infinite combinations. For example, Beauty and her sisters *may* turn into the *King Lear* formula, and very often any tale you please ends with the formula of the supplanted Bride. *Beauty and the Beast* itself ends thus in the Breton variant. Still, certain incidents have close affinities, and, wherever you find a father with two greedy and one disinterested daughters, then the Beast in not far off. But even this formula may "end badly," and Beauty, by breaking some prohibition, may loose her lord for long or for ever. Children, like the rest of us, prefer a happy conclusion, and our *Beauty and the Beast* ends just where it ought to end. The task of proving that Beauty is the Dawn, and the Beast the Sun, enchanted by the Night, is so simple that I willingly leave it to the learned, who will also demonstrate that the Beast is the Lightning, breaking through the envelope of the storm cloud.

When all is said and done, the natural sweetness and beauty of the old tale is its chief merit and keeps it immortally young. Like the story of Psyche it has risen from some obscure chrysalis, and

and floated on butterfly wings across the ages, across the wrecks of empires. Wherever nurses repeat tales to children by the winter fire light, whenever men look back into the memories of childhood, Beauty is told of, Beauty is recalled, with her grace, her devotion, her kindness, her charm, with her power of turning what is hideous and harsh into a thing of love and comeliness. This also will survive our science and our studies; this legend will live when history hath been forgotten, and no hand of mythologist or antiquary can smirch the bloom on the butterfly wings of Psyche.

IV.

CERTAIN FORMS OF TALES ANALOGOUS TO BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

Opening.

A father or mother has three daughters, the youngest is fairest.

Cupid and Psyche in Apuleius.

La

La Belle et La Bête, Madame de Beaumont in *Magasin des Enfans*, 1757, following Madame de Villeneuve in *Contes Marins*, 1740.

Le Loup Blanc, Cosquin: Contes de Lorraine, 1880, lxiii.

East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon.

(*Tales from the Norse*, Dasent's translation, the daughters not limited to three).

Cretan Story in Von Hahn, *Greich. und Alban. Märch*, 73.

Afanasief, vi, 50, quoted by Mr. Ralston.

Le Coq d'or (*Marvailler Brezounek*, p. 181.)

Second Incident.

Father and child are parted, the child being taken by a beast, a monster, or occasionally an invisible Being.

Cupid and Psyche (Parent and Child parted in obedience to an oracle; future husband of child described as a supernatural monster.)

La Belle et la Bête. Father captured by a beast which lives in an enchanted palace. Father obliged to sacrifice daughter to beast.

Le

Le Coq d'or.

Le Loup Blanc.

Piedmontese Tale. Gubernatis' *Zoological Mythology*, ii, 381.

Grimm, 88, *The Singing Soaring Lark.*

Webster, *Basque Tales*, p. 167.

In all these examples, and others from Cyprus and the Tyrol, the father offers his three daughters their choice of a gift. Beauty asked only for a rose. In the *Coq d'or* the heroine wants a singing laurel leaf, in *Le Loup Blanc*, a talking rose, in the Piedmontese story, a daisy, in Grimm (88) a lark, in the Basque, simply a flower.

In plucking the rose, leaf, daisy or flower, or in catching the lark, the father gets into trouble with a beast, a white wolf, a frog, a lion, or a serpent, and has to ransom himself.

Third Incident.

The father brings his daughter to marry the monster, or promises, as in the Jephtha formula, to bring the first person he meets, who turns out to be his daughter.

This

This incident often occurs in a rather different manner, and in stories which soon wander from the lines of *Beauty and the Beast.* A boy is taken by the fiend, or giant, as in the Scotch *Nicht, Nought, Nothing;* in the Russian *Water King* (Ralston, p. 124) in a legend of the *Aitareya Brahmana*, where Varuna has the rôle of the fiend or monster; in *La Historia del Liombruno*, a very rare Italian *Conte* in verse (*circ.* 1500), and in many other examples.

Fourth Incident.

At this point the narrative begins to wander different ways.

The girl has her strange husband, a monster, or not to be seen by her, or a wolf, bear, serpent, or frog, or sheep, or pumpkin. She is forbidden either to *see* him, or to let *light fall upon him*, or to *name his name*, or to stay away from him beyond a certain time.*

These

* See Custom and Myth: "Cupid, Psyche, and the Sun Frog," where examples of similar prohibitions in real life are given.

These prohibitions she breaks, usually at the instigation of her sisters.

In the stories that more closely resemble *Beauty and the Beast*, the sisters behave as in the rhymed version.

> "If," said the oldest, "you agree,
> We'll make that wench more cursed than we :
> I have a plot, my sister dear,
> More than her week we'll keep her here !"

When the story takes that line, the heroine returns to find her Beast dying, she kisses him, and, as in the Kaffir form, the Beast becomes a man.

In the other line of stories starting from this point, the heroine lets in light on an invisible husband, as on the lines of Grimm (88) and he becomes a dove, and has to be pursued in Fairy lands forlorn; or she drops hot wax from a candle on him, as in *Cupid and Psyche*; and in Asbjoernsen's *Tales of the Fjeld*, p. 353, where the husband is a bear ; or in the Breton sailor's tale, published by M. Sébillot, * where the husband is the offender.

In

* *Contes Pop. de la Haute Bretagne.*

In cases where the husband is a beast, as in the Basque tale quoted, and in *Le Coq d'Or*, he is apt to keep his bestial skin by him, and with it his power of becoming a beast again.* In tales where the wedded pair are parted by the infringement of a prohibition, it is usual, as the girl pursues her lord, to bring in the formula of the false bride, who wins the wandering husband. Usually, but not always, all ends well. *Beauty and the Beast*, as we have it, stops at a fortunate moment, but nothing would be more easy than to follow the pair into married life, and make Beauty lose her husband, pursue him, struggle for him, and win him again. In the same way any narrator could have lengthened out Psyche's agony by making Cupid lose his heart to a rival, as in the Black Bull o' Norroway, and many other stories.

The conclusion which one would draw as a Folk-Lorist is that a certain stock of ideas, partly human and natural, partly concerned with magic and things impossible, has been common

* This incident of the skin is criticised, with examples from ritual and magic, in our reprint of Adlington's translation of *Cupid and Psyche*, from Apuleius. (Nutt.)

common to the human race. These ideas may be found anywhere: the Iroquois have an Orpheus and Eurydice, the Kaffirs a Beauty and the Crocodile, the Zulus a Jason, the Ojibbeways an Urvasi, the Bushmen a Tom Thumb, the Kaffirs a Black Bull (*not* o' Norroway), the Bushmen a Medea, the Wallachians and Kaffirs a pumpkin hero (a square pumpkin in Kaffir land), and so forth. Each incident of fairy-lore is found all about the earth, but some combinations are more favoured and fortunate than others. In Europe and India the combinations and the plots are more apt to follow familiar lines than in North America, or South Africa, or Peru. But almost all stories are old friends, and the Folk-Lorist may agree with Mr. Howells that "all the stories have been told," even by Bushmen and Samoans. Whether all people have borrowed from one centre, or have separately, and, as it were, fatally, evolved the same idea everywhere, I fear we shall never be able to ascertain. Probably both separate evolution and slow transmission have combined to make all men familiar with the same early romances. There are stories, like *Hop o' my Thumb*, that

that might have been invented wherever cannibals were dreaded and courage and cunning were admired. There are other stories, like *Puss in Boots*, that perhaps could only have been invented once for all, and have probably spread over the world from one centre. *Beauty and the Beast*, perhaps, belongs rather to the former class, and the separate incidents, if not their combination, might have occurred in different lands, to different minds, without transmission or borrowing.

Beauty and the Beast.

Beauty in a State of Adversity.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MERCHANT, who by generous pains
Prospered in honourable gains,
Could boast, his wealth and fame to share,
Three manly sons, three DAUGHTERS fair ;
With these he felt supremely blest.—
His latest-born surpass'd the rest :
She was so gentle, good and kind,
So fair in feature, form and mind,
So constant too in filial duty,
The neighbours call'd her LITTLE BEAUTY !

And

And when fair childhood's days were run,
That title still she wore and won ;
Lovelier as older still she grew,
Improved in grace and goodness too.--

Her elder Sisters, gay and vain,
View'd her with envy and disdain,
Toss'd up their heads with haughty air ;
Dress, Fashion, Pleasure, all their care.

'Twas thus, improving and improv'd ;
Loving, and worthy to be lov'd,
Sprightly, yet grave, each circling day

Saw

Saw BEAUTY innocently gay.
Thus smooth the May-like moments past ;
Blest times ! but soon by clouds o'ercast !

Sudden as winds that madd'ning sweep
The foaming surface of the deep,
Vast treasures, trusted to the wave,
Were buried in the billowy grave !
Our Merchant, late of boundless store,
Saw Famine hasting to his door.

With willing hand and ready grace,
Mild BEAUTY takes the Servant's place ;

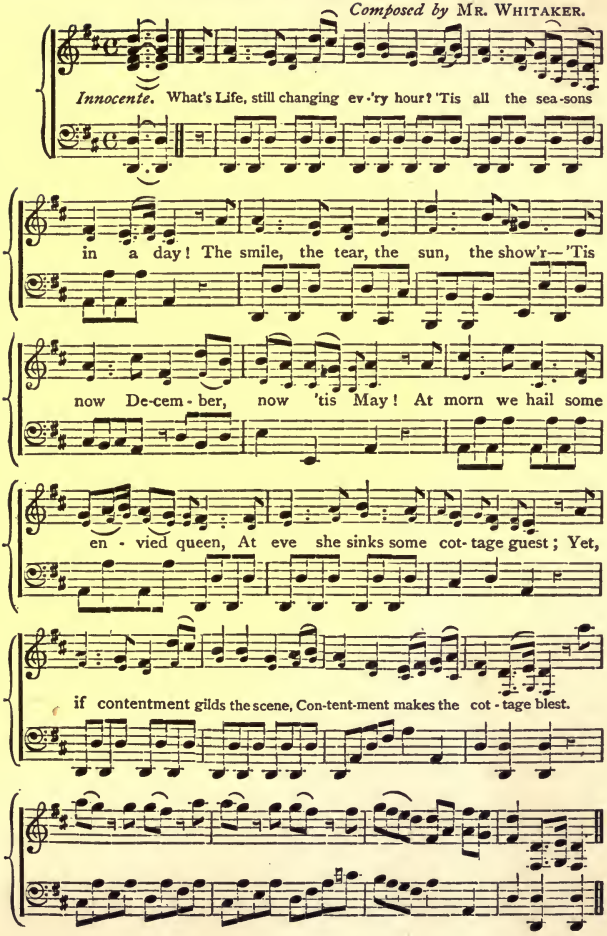
Rose with the sun to household cares,
And morn's repast with zeal prepares,
The wholesome meal, the cheerful fire :
What cannot filial love inspire ?
And when the task of day was done,
Suspended till the rising sun,
Music and song the hours employ'd,
As more deserv'd, the more enjoy'd ;
Till Industry, with Pastime join'd,
Refresh'd the body and the mind ;
And when the groupe retir'd to rest,
Father and Brothers BEAUTY blest.

BEAUTY'S

Beauty's Song.

BEAUTY'S SONG.

Composed by Mr. Whitaker.



2nd Verse.

Who more than I this truth can feel? I feel it, yet am

charmed to find, While thus I turn the spin-ning-wheel, The

sta - tion hum - bles not the mind. Ah, no! in days of

youth and health, Na - ture will smile tho' Fortune frown: Be

this my song, "Content is wealth," And du-ty ev - 'ry toil shall crown.

BEAUTY'S SONG.

What's Life, still changing ev'ry hour ?
'Tis all the seasons in a day !
The smile, the tear, the sun, the shower—
'Tis now December, now 'tis May !
At morn we hail some envied queen ;
At eve she sinks some cottage guest ;
Yet, if contentment gilds the scene,
Contentment makes the cottage blest.

Who

Who more than I this truth can feel ?
I feel it, yet am charmed to find,
While thus I turn the spinning-wheel,
The station humbles not the mind.
Ah, no ! in days of youth and health,
Nature will smile, tho' Fortune frown :
Be this my song, CONTENT IS WEALTH,
And duty ev ry toil shall crown.

Not

Not so the Sisters ; as before
'Twas *rich* and idle, now 'twas *poor*.
In shabby finery array'd,
They still affected a parade,
While both insulted gentle BEAUTY
Unwearied in the housewife's duty ;
They mock'd her robe of modest brown,
And view'd her with a taunting frown ;
Yet scarce could hold their rage to see
The blithe effects of Industry.

In this retreat a year had past,
When happier tidings came at last,
And in the Merchant's smile appear'd

Prospects

Prospects that all the Cotters cheer'd :
A letter came ; its purport good ;
Part of his ventures brav'd the flood :

" With speed," said he, " I must to town,
" And what, my girls, must I bring down ?"
The envious Sisters, all confusion,
Commissions gave in wild profusion ;
Caps, hats, and bonnets, bracelets, broaches,
To cram the pockets of the coaches,
With laces, linens, to complete
The order, and to fill the seat.

Such

Such wants and wishes now appear'd,
To make them larger BEAUTY fear'd ;
Yet lest her silence might produce
From jealous Sisters more abuse,
Considerately good, she chose,
The emblem of herself,—a ROSE.

The good Man on his journey went,
His thoughts on generous BEAUTY bent.
"If Heav'n," he said, and breath'd a prayer,
"If Heav'n that tender child should spare,
"Whate'er my lot, I must be bless'd,
"I must be rich :"—he wept the rest.

Timely

Timely such feelings !—Fortune still,
Unkind and niggard, crost his will ;
Of all his hopes, alas, the gains
Were far o'erbalanc'd by the pains ;
For after a long tedious round,
He had to measure back his ground.

A short day's travel from his Cot,
New misadventures were his lot ;
Dark grew the air, the wind blew high,
And spoke the gathering tempest nigh ;
Hail, snow, and night-fog, join'd their force,
Bewildering rider and his horse.
Dismay'd, perplext, the road they crost,
And in the dubious maze were lost,

When

When glimmering through the vapours drear,
A taper shew'd a dwelling near.
And guess our Merchant's glad surprise
When a rich palace seem'd to rise
As on he mov'd ! The knee he bent,
Thankful to Heaven; then nearer went.
But, O ! how much his wonder grew,
When nothing living met his view !—

Entering a splendid hall, he found,
With every luxury around,
A blazing fire, a plenteous board,
A costly cellaret, well stor'd,
All open'd wide, as if to say,
"Stranger, refresh thee on thy way !"

The

The Merchant to the fire drew near,
Deeming the owner would appear,
And pardon one who, drench'd in rain,
Unask'd, had ventured to remain.
The court-yard clock had number'd seven,
When first he came ; but when eleven
Struck on his ear as mute he sate,
It sounded like the knell of Fate.
And yet so hungry was he grown,
He pick'd a capon to the bone ;
And as choice wines before him stood,
He needs must taste if they were good :
So much he felt his spirits cheer'd—
The more he drank, the less he fear'd.

Now

Now bolder grown, he pac'd along,
(Still hoping he might do no wrong),
When, entering at a gilded door,
High rais'd upon a sumptuous floor,
A sofa shew'd all Persia's pride
And each magnificence beside :
So down at once the Merchant lay,
Tir'd with the wonders of the day.
But had it been a rushy bed,
Tuck'd in the corner of a shed,
With no less joy had it been press'd :
The good man pray'd and sank to rest.

Nor woke he till the noon of day ;
And as he thus enchanted lay,

"Now

"Now for my storm-sopp'd clothes," he cries:
When lo! a suit complete he spies;
"Yes, 'tis all fairy-work, no doubt,
By gentle Pity brought about!"
Tenfold, when risen, amazement grew;
For bursting on his gazing view,
Instead of snow, he saw fair bowers
In all the pride of summer flowers.
Entering again the hall, behold,
Serv'd up in silver, pearl, and gold,
A breakfast, form'd of all things rare,
As if Queen Mab herself were there.

As now he past, with spirits gay,
A shower of Roses strew'd the way,

Ee'n

The Rose Gatherid

E'en to his hand the branches bent :
" One of these boughs—I go content !
" BEAUTY, dear BEAUTY—thy request
" If I may bear away, I'm blest."

The Merchant pull'd,—the branches broke !—
A hideous growling while he spoke,
Assail'd his startled ears ; and then
A frightful BEAST, as from a den,
Rushing to view, exclaim'd, " Ingrate !
" That stolen branch has seal'd thy fate.
" All that my castle own'd was thine,
" My food, my fire, my bed, my wine :
" Thou robb'st my Rose-trees in return,
" For this, base Plunderer, thou shalt mourn !"

" My

"My Lord, I swear upon my knees,
"I did not mean to harm your trees;
"But a lov'd Daughter, fair as spring,
"Intreated me a ROSE to bring;
"O didst thou know, my Lord, the maid!"—

"I am no Lord," BEAST angry said,
"And so no flattery!—but know,
"If, on your oath before you go,
"Within three wasted Moons, you here
"Cause that lov'd Daughter to appear,
"And visit BEAST a volunteer
"To suffer for thee, thou mayest live:—
"Speak not!—do this!—and I forgive."

Mute

Mute and depress'd the Merchant fled,
Unhappy traveller, evil sped !

BEAUTY was first her sire to meet,
Springing inpatient from her seat ;
Her Brothers next assembled round ;
Her straying Sisters soon were found.
While yet the Father fondly press'd
The Child of Duty to his Breast,—
" Accept these Roses, ill-starr'd Maid !
" For thee thy Father's life is paid."

The Merchant told the tale of BEAST ;
And loud lamentings, when he ceas'd

From

From both the jealous Sisters broke,
As thus with taunting rage they spoke :
" And so thou kill'st thy Father, Miss,
" Proud sinful creature, heard'st thou this ?
" We only wish'd a few new clothes ;
" BEAUTY, forsooth, must have her ROSE !
" Yet harden'd Wretch, her eyes are dry,
" Tho' for her Pride our Sire must die !"

" Die ! not for worlds !" exclaim'd the Maid ;
" BEAST kindly will take me instead :
" And O, a thousand deaths I'd prove
" To show my father how I love !"

The

The Brothers cried, "Let *us* away,
"We'll perish, or the Monster slay."

"Vain hope, my gen'rous Sons, his power
"Can troops of men and horse devour;
"Your offer, BEAUTY, moves my soul;
"But no man can his fate controul:
"Mine was the fault; you Love, are free;
"And mine the punishment shall be."

BEAUTY was firm! the Sire caress'd
Again his Darling to his breast;
With blended love and awe survey'd,
And each good Brother blest the Maid!

Three months elaps'd, her Father's heart
Heav'd high, as she prepar'd to part ;
The Sisters try'd a tear to force,
While BEAUTY smil'd as she took horse ;
Yet smil'd thro' many a generous tear,
To find the parting moment near !
And just as evening' shades came on,
The splendid Palace court they won.
BEAUTY, now lost in wonder all,
Gain'd with her sire the spacious hall ;
Where, of the costliest viands made,
Behold, a sumptuous table laid !
The Merchant, sickening at the sight,
Sat down with looks of dire affright,

But

Beauty in the Enchanted Palace.

But nothing touch'd ; tho' BEAUTY prest,
And strove to lull his fears to rest.

Just as she spoke, a hideous noise
Announc'd the growling monster's voice,
And now BEAST suddenly stalk'd forth,
While BEAUTY well-nigh sank to earth :
Scarce could she conquer her alarms,
Tho' folded in a father's arms.
Grim BEAST first question'd fierce, if she
Had hither journied WILLINGLY ?
" Yes," BEAUTY cried—in trembling tone :
'That's kind," said BEAST, and thus went on :—
" Good

"Good Merchant, at to-morrow's dawn,
"I charge and warn you to BE GONE!
"And further, on life's penalty,
"Dare not again to visit me.
"BEAUTY, farewell!" He now withdrew,
As she return'd the dread adieu.

Each then their separate pillow prest,
And slumber clos'd their eyes in rest.

As zephyr light, from magic sleep,
Soon as the sun began to peep,
Sprang BEAUTY; and now took her way
To where her anguish'd father lay.—
But envious time stole swiftly on;

"Begone

"Begone, lov'd Father! ah! begone!
"The early dew now gems the thorn,
"The sun-beams gain upon the morn.
"Haste, Father, haste! Heaven guards the good!"
In wonder rapt the Merchant stood;
And while dread fears his thoughts employ,
A child so generous still was joy.
"My father's safe!" she cried, "blest heaven!
"The rest is light, this bounty given."

She now survey'd th' enchanting scene,
Sweet gardens of eternal green;
Mirrors and chandeliers of glass,

And

And diamonds bright which those surpass ;
All these her admiration gain'd ;
But how was her attention chain'd
When she, in GOLDEN LETTERS trac'd,
High o'er an arch of emeralds plac'd,
" BEAUTY'S APARTMENT ! Enter blest !
" This, but an earnest of the rest !"

The fair one was rejoic'd to find,
BEAST studied less her eye, than mind.
But, wishing still a nearer view,
Forth from the shelves a book she drew,
In whose first page, in lines of gold,
She might heart-easing words behold :
" Welcome

Beauty Visits her Library.

" Welcome BEAUTY, banish fear !
" You are Queen, and Mistress here :
" Speak your wishes, speak your wili,
" Swift obedience meets them still."

" Alas !" said she, with heartfelt sighs,
The daughter rushing to her eyes,
" There's nothing I so much desire,
" As to behold my tender sire."

BEAUTY had scarce her wish express'd
When it was granted by the BEAST :
A wond'rous mirror to her eye,
Brought all her cottage family.
Here her good Brothers at their toil,

For

For still they dress'd the grateful soil ;
And there with pity she perceiv'd
How much for her the Merchant griev'd ;
How much her Sisters felt delight
To know her banish'd from their sight,
Altho' with voice and looks of guile,
Their bosoms full of joy the while,
They labour'd hard to force a tear,
And imitate a grief sincere.

At noon's repast, she heard a sound
Breathing unseen sweet music round ;
But when the evening board was spread
The voice of BEAST recall'd her dread :
" May I observe you sup ?" he said ;

" Ah !

Beauty entertained with Invisible Music.

"Ah! tremble not; your will is law;
"One question answer'd, I withdraw.—
"Am I not hideous to your eyes?"
"Your temper's sweet," she mild replies.
"Yes, but I'm ugly, have no sense:"—
"That's better far than vain pretence"—
"Try to be happy, and at ease,"
Sigh'd BEAST, "as I will try to please."—
"Your outward form is scarcely seen
"Since I arriv'd, so kind you've been."

One quarter of the rolling year,
No other living creature near,
BEAUTY with BEAST had past serene,
Save some sad hours that stole between.

That

That she her Father's life had sav'd,
Upon her heart of hearts was grav'd :
While yet she view'd the BEAST with dread,
This was the balm that conscience shed.
But now a second solace grew,
Whose cause e'en conscience scarcely knew.
Here, on a Monster's mercy cast,—
Yet, when her first dire fears were past,
She found that Monster, timid, mild,
Led like the lion by the child.
Custom and kindness banish'd fear ;
BEAUTY oft wish'd that BEAST were near.

Nine was the chosen hour that BEAST
Constant attended BEAUTY's feast,

Yet

Yet ne'er presumed to touch the food,
Sat humble, or submissive stood,
Or, audience crav'd, respectful spoke,
Nor aim'd at wit or ribbald joke,
But oftener bent the raptur'd ear
Or ravish'd eye, to see or hear.
And if th' appointed hour past by,
'Twas mark'd by Beauty with a sigh.

"Swear not to leave me!" sigh'd the BEAST;
"I swear"—for now her fears were ceas'd,
"And willingly swear,—so now and then
"I might my Father see again—
"One little WEEK—he's now alone."
"Granted!

"Granted!" quoth BEAST: "your will be done!
"Your RING upon the table lay
"At night,—you're there at peep of day:
"But, oh,—remember, or I die!"
He gaz'd, and went without reply.

At early noon, she rang to rise;
The Maid beholds with glad surprise,
Summons her Father to her side,
Who, kneeling and embracing, cried,
With rapture and devotion wild,
"O bless'd be Heaven, and blest my Child!"

BEAUTY

BEAUTY the Father now address'd,
And straight to see her Sisters press'd.
They both were married, and both prov'd
Neither was happy or belov'd.
And when she told them she was blest
With days of ease, and nights of rest ;
To hide the malice of the soul,
Into the garden sly they stole,
And there in floods of tears they vent
Their hate, and feel its punishment.
" If," said the eldest, " you agree
" We'll make that wench more curs'd than we !
" I have a plot, my sister dear :
" More than her WEEK let's keep her here.

No

"No more with MONSTER shall she sup,
"Who, in his rage, shall eat her up."

And now such art they both employ'd
While BEAUTY wept, yet was e'erjoy'd ;
And when the stated hour was come,
"Ah ! can you quit so soon your home ?"
Eager they question'd—tore their hair—
And look'd the Pictures of Despair.
BEAUTY, tho' blushing at delay,
Promis'd another week to stay.

Meantime, altho' she err'd from love,
Her conscious heart could ill approve—

"Thy

The Absence of Beauty Lamented.

"Thy vow was giv'n, thy vow was broke!"
Thus Conscience to her bosom spoke.
Thoughts such as these assail'd her breast,
And a sad vision broke her rest!
The palace-garden was the place
Which her imaginations trace:
There, on a lawn, as if to die,
She saw poor BEAST extended lie,
Reproaching, with his latest breath,
BEAUTY'S ingratitude in death.

Roused from her sleep, the contrite Maid
The RING upon her toilet laid,
And *Conscience* gave a sound repose.

Balmy

Balmy her rest ; and when she rose,
The palace of poor BEAST she found,
Groves, gardens, arbours' blooming round.
The morning shone in summer's pride,
BEAUTY for fairer evening sigh'd—
Sigh'd for the object once so fear'd,
By worth, by kindness, now endear'd.
But when had pass'd the wonted hour,
And no wish'd footstep pass'd the door ;
When yet another hour lagg'd on,—
Then to the wide canal she ran :
"For there in vision," said the fair,
"Was stretch'd the object of my care !"
And there, alas ! he now was found
Extended on the flowery ground.

"Ah

"Ah! fond and faithful BEAST," she cried,
"Hast thou for me perfidious died?
"O! could'st thou hear my fervid prayer,
"'Twould ease the anguish of despair."

BEAST open'd now his long-closed eyes,
And saw the fair with glad surprise.
"In my last moments you are sent;
"You pity, and I die content."
"Thou shalt not die," rejoin'd the maid;
"O rather live to hate, upbraid—
"But no! my grievous fault forgive!
"I feel I can't without thee live."

BEAUTY had scarce pronounc'd the word,
When magic sounds of sweet accord,
The music of celestial spheres,
As if from seraph harps she hears!
Amaz'd she stood,—new wonders grew;
For BEAST now vanish'd from her view;
And, lo! a PRINCE, with every grace
Of figure, fashion, feature, face,
In whom all charms of Nature meet,
Was kneeling at fair BEAUTY's feet.

"But where is BEAST?" still BEAUTY cried:
"Behold him here," the PRINCE replied.
"Orasmyn, lady, is my name,

In

The Enchantment Dissolved.

"In Persia not unknown to fame;
"Till this re-humanising hour,
"The victim of a Fairy's pow'r;—
"Till a deliverer could be found,
"Who, while the accursed spell still bound,
"Could first *endure*, tho' with alarm,
"And break at last by *love* the charm!"

BEAUTY delighted, gave her hand,
And bade the PRINCE her fate command;
The PRINCE now led through rooms of state,
Where BEAUTY's family await,
In bridal vestments all array'd,
By some superior power convey'd.

BEAUTY

"BEAUTY," pronounc'd a heavenly voice,
"Now take from me your princely choice.
"VIRTUE, to every good beside
"While wit and beauty were denied,
"Fix'd your pure heart ; for which, unseen,
"I led your steps ; and now a QUEEN,
"Seated on Persia's glittering throne,
"'Tis mine and Virtue's task to crown !

"But as for you, ye Sisters vain,
"Still first and last in Envy's train,
"Before fair BEAUTY's Palace-gate,
"Such Justice has decreed your fate,

Transformed

"Transformed to statues you must dwell,
"Curs'd with the single power, to feel—
"Unless by penitence and prayer—
"But this will ask long years of care,
"Of promise and performance too,
"A change of mind from false to true—
"A change I scarce can hope from you."

Instant the Power stretch'd for her wand,
Her sceptre of supreme command,
When lo! at her resistless call,
Gay crowds came thronging through the hall,
The blissful hour to celebrate
When Persia's Prince resumed his state:

At

At once the dome with music rang,
And virgins danc'd, and minstrels sang ;
It was the JUBILEE of YOUTH,
Led on by Virtue and by Truth ;
The pride of Persia fill'd the scene,
To hail ORASMYN and his QUEEN !

THE END.

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Beauty and the beast

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